Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Liue and beget a happy race of Kings,
Edwards vnhappy sonnes do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Queene Anne his wife.

Richard, thy wife, that wretched *Anne* thy wife,
That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fils thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword, despaire and die.
To *Rich.* Thou quiet soule, sleepe thou a quiet sleepe,
Dreame of successe and happy victorie,
Thy aduersaries wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

The first was I that helpt thee to the Crowne,
The last was I that felt thy tyrrannie,
O, in the battell thinke on *Buckingham*,
And die in terror of thy guiltinesse:
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting despaire, despairing yeeld thy breath.
To *Rich.* I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be thou not dismaid,
God and good Angels fight on *Richmonds* side,
And *Richard* fals in height of all his pride.

K. Richard starteth out of a dreame.

K. Ric. Giue me another horse, bind vp my wounds:
Haue mercie Iesu: soft I did but dreame.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me?
The lights burne blew, it is not dead midnight:
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh,
What doe I feare my selfe? theres none else by,
Richard loues *Richard*, that is, I am I:
Is there a murtherer heere? No. Yes I am,
Then flie, what from my selfe? great reason why,
Least I reuenge. What? my selfe vpon my selfe?
Alacke I loue my selfe, wherfore? for any good
That my selfe haue done vnto my selfe:

O no: alas I rather hate my selfe,
For hatefull deeds committed by my selfe:
I am a villaine, yet I lye, I am not.
Foole of thy selfe speake well, foole doe not flatter,
My conscience hath a thousand seuerall tongues,
And euery tongue brings in a seuerall tale.
And euery tale condemnes me for a villaine:
Periurie, in the highest degree,
Murder, sterne murder, in the dyrest degree,
All seuerall sinnes, all vsde in each degree,
Throng all to the barre, crying all, guiltie, guiltie.
I shall despaire, there is no creature loues me,
And if I die, no soule shall pittie me:
And wherfore should they? since that I my selfe,
Find in my selfe, no pitty to my selfe.
Me thought the soules of all that I murthered
Came all to my tent, and euery one did threat
To morrowes vengeance on the head of *Richard.*

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.
King. Zounds, who is there?
Rat. Ratcliffe, my Lord, tis I: the earely village cocke,
Hath twise done salutation to the morne,
Your friends are vp, and buckle on their armor.
King. O *Ratcliffe*, I haue dream'd a fearefull dreame,
What thinkst thou, will our friends proue all true?
Rat. No doubt my Lord.
King. O *Ratcliffe* I feare, I feare.
Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not afraid of shadowes.
King. By the Apostle *Paul*, shadowes to night
Haue strooke more terror to the soue of *Richard*,
Then can the substance of ten thousand souldiers
Armed in proofe, and led by shallow *Richmond.*
Tis not yet neare day, come goe with me,
Vnder our Tents Ile play the ewese-dropper,
To heare if any meane to shrinke from me. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to Richmond.

Lords. Good morrow *Richmond.*